

THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

God hath sent His angels
To the earth again,
Bringing joyful tidings
To the sons of men;
They who first, at Christmas,
Thronged the heavenly way,
Now beside the tomb-door
Sit on Easter Day.

Angels, sing His triumph,
As you sang His birth;
"Christ, the Lord, is risen,
Peace, good-will on earth."

—Phillips Brooks (1877).

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CATHERINE RUTH SMITH, Editor

Beware of Wild Grass

When visiting Paris, accompanied by a brilliant musician, we desired to see a well-known cemetery. We discovered the grave of a distinguished composer overgrown with wild grass. With tears in his eyes my friend exclaimed: "The grass may grow all over the grave; but his music will flow like an ocean wave."

In Northern France a young missionary lives in one small damp room. The furniture consists of old boxes. But he is a happy soul-winner, and refuses to let the grass grow under his feet. Why does the Prophet Isaiah say, "The people is grass" (Isaiah 40.7,8). Is it not his aim to declare, "The Word of God liveth and abideth for ever."

Beware of becoming a "wild grass" Christian. Study that searching message, the Parable of the Sower. It is a truth for today. What are we sowing, and how are we sowing? See Mark 4.16-19. What a searching exposure of a fruitless life! Verse 15 should also command quiet meditation. Let us not imagine that perspiration means inspiration. Let us aim for quality, rather than superficial quantity.

"Look on the fields," said the Master. "They are white unto the harvest." How true! Can we see the Harvest Fields? Let us look by faith, and watch unto prayer. Russia has schemes for Europe, and all the world watches Israel with curiosity and wonder.

Thank God for the Fellowship workers on the field. They sow the pure Word of God among many nationalities. They value your prayer-fellowship as they face hardships and dangers. They have learned to overcome Satan and his subtil devices, "by the Blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony."

It is cheering to learn that Dr. Yuk's important work in Israel is faithfully remembered in prayer. "They shall prosper that love Israel."

Yours for a revival of prevailing prayer,

F. SPENCER JOHNSON.

1 Approach Road, Dane Park, Margate, England.

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Footsteps Leading Both Ways

by REV. WALTER J. GRAIG

The basis for our Easter thought together is in the Old Testament book of the Psalms, the sixteenth chapter and the tenth verse: "For thou wilt not leave my soul in Sheol; neither will thou suffer thine holy one to see corruption."

There is an old fable which relates the story of a fox hard pressed by the hunters, and coming to the mouth of a great cave. But before entering, the cunning fox studied the situation. He observed the tracks of many foxes leading into the cavern; and he said to himself, "Many others have sought refuge here." But then he noticed that, while the tracks were numerous, they all led one way. They all pointed inward; none led out. Shrewdly judging that, while he might easily enter, the chances were that some beast waited in the cave to destroy him, he hurriedly passed on in quest of some other refuge.

The old fable, in one respect at least, suggests the situation of our common humanity. Hard pressed in the race of life, we are confronted by a dark, foreboding cavern which men call death. In the old days, as suggested by our text, the primitive mind pictured it as Sheol, a realm of half-lights and negative existence, unlighted by hope and joy. The melancholy voice of the ancients cried that it were better to remain a slave on earth, than to be king among the shades. But there was no other alternative. Man must enter the cavern, whether he willed to do so or not. And as he approached the entrance, he observed with fear in his heart that the tracks all led one way. It was, indeed, the "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns." The footsteps of our well-beloved are always pointing in, never out. And these footsteps, in our anguished imagination, become heartbeats like muffled drums, beating funeral dirges to the grave. It is the history of humanity, big with question-marks, bristling with interrogation. What about this business of tracks leading one way?

Now it is to the credit of man that he will not let the question rest. Though he sees no tracks leading away from the tomb, yet this is not to him conclusive evidence that there is no way out. When you enter a cave, there is nothing to prove that the entrance you use is the only exit. There may be others, opening not upon the landscape you have just left, but leading you out even to a fairer country and a lovelier prospect. The mere fact that there is no exit from the grave back to this life which we are now leading, is by no means a proof that there is no outlet toward a better life. There is a persuasion, sometimes so dimly defined that it cannot be framed in the words of a creed, but none the less a persuasion which will not let us go, that beyond the mists and shadows and darkness, there is light and hope and safety.

And even though we temporarily escape from such a conviction, life has a habit of bringing us back to the place where we are bound to think once again, and once again take up the same old questions, for—

Just when we're safest, there's a sunset-touch,
A fancy from a flower-bell, someone's death,
A chorus-ending from Euripides, —
And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears,
As old and new at once as Nature's self,
To rap and knock and enter in our soul.

To have done with figures, let us say that we have never accepted death as the end. In our more solemn moments, we have believed in a life beyond. We have made it light with hope and beautiful with fulfillment. We have built upon the shores of that undiscovered country the city of our dreams, with jewelled walls and gates of pearl. We have spread its slopes with meadows of scented flowers, and lifted high, in faith and vision, the changeless summits of its hills of peace. We have peopled it with those whom we love, and foreseen the issue of our journey in a happier land, beyond the darkness, where

Each for the joy of working,
And each in his separate star,
Shall paint the thing as he sees it
For the God of things as they are.

Here is the confidence which has impenetrated the race. It is an instinct within us, akin to the instinct of the seaman who believes himself to be near land, though he sees not the faintest outline of its long-sought shore. Men have always lived by their hopes and dreams; by anticipation of unseen realities by which we have been guided. Our confidence in immortality has been in many ways the most intangible, the hardest to prove by positive evidence, and yet the most tenaciously held.

When Napoleon, hearing his generals debate as to whether there is a God or not, pointed to the stars shining in the clear air and said: "But, gentlemen, who made all these?" he laid bare in one dramatic question those necessities of thought which always have demanded and always will demand God. But, you see, men have believed in immortality even when there were no stars, and ahead there was only a dark cavern with tracks leading but one way. All that we are about this morning, this Easter service of ours, our hymns of life, our anthems of power, our prayers of assurance, would be more idle than the passing wind, if this faith which we hold were without foundation. Are we dreamers, or may we trust our faith? Do the tracks lead only inward, or are there footsteps leading both ways?

In the attempt to answer this question, let us say first of all that we may trust our instincts. Even the fox in the fable did that. Instinct seems to be a God-given part of all life, down to the lowest order of existence. Something there is within us that responds to something outside of us, for we are made for God, as the sparks fly upward. There is a story which tells of the grief of a certain small boy on being told in school that in some way he was descended from an animal. In great sorrow he came to his mother and asked: "Mother, is it true that I am descended from a monkey?" And her consoling reply was: "No, not on your mother's side."

This wise mother's answer gives us our reply to the evolutionist. On my Heavenly Father's side, I am not descended from the lower ranges of animal nature, even though I sometimes act as if I were. There is in me a fragment of the life of the Eternal, who parted with a part of Himself to give me being. This accounts for the restlessness and discontent and homesickness of the soul, "ill at ease until it finds eternal rest in Him from whom it is derived." Have you ever seen a robin flying before the approaching blasts of winter, or a bee sailing out into a vast sea of air, passing from flower to flower, and then unerringly setting out with its load of nectar for home? Never has the bird or beast been deceived by its God-given instinct. Think you that God would give man the urge for home, and then permit him to wander in the desert of futility? This thought was in the mind of Wordsworth

when he wrote: "But trailing clouds of glory do we come From God, who is our home." And Browning says: "I see my way, as birds their trackless way." And Bryant, talking about the wild fowl, exclaims:

He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

As he hurries on, seeking refuge from his pursuing enemies, man knows instinctively that he was not made for oblivion. We do not know out of what remote dawn the first bird launched its flight, and began to claim the sky as its own. It is sufficient to know that every wing is an invitation to fly. Its marvellous mechanism, its spread feathers, its muscled tirelessness—all these are a witness to the wind and sky, to the light-filled spaces for which the wing was made. There are stones for the geologist, stars for the astronomer, atoms for the chemist, and flowers for the botanist. The instinct of hunger or thirst, of fear, of love, of shelter—all these, when we follow them, bring us to that which God has placed in His world for their satisfaction. Why should we suppose that the instinct of a future life is a blind path which abruptly ends in a tangled forest, where stands a signpost marked "The End"?

Really, we have but one of two choices: either to believe that what is finest and best within us has no answering reality, or else to believe that there is an unseen world, and God is the Lord of it. If this reaching out toward the unseen is but a figment of the imagination, then it is something utterly without precedent, and we can no longer trust our instincts. I, for my part, do not hesitate. I believe that instinct in its place is just as divinely implanted as conscience. There is the beckoning of a distant land somewhere beyond the forest darkness. There is a way out of the dark cavern. My instinct tells me that there *must* be footsteps leading both ways.

Then, too, we may trust our reason. When I look at nature, my reason leads me to believe that there must be footsteps leading both ways. There is something that makes this universe go. It is not death; it is throbbing life. That mysterious force called life is touching the roots of the trees in my yard. The promise of spring's resurgent life is in the air. The flowers feel it. The birds feel it. We feel it. It is a central force which surges through all creation, covering the ground with green, and clothing the trees with leaves, pecking its way through the shell of the egg, and swinging the stars through space. I believe that this life-principle is imperishable, for the simple reason that, if it stopped, the end would be nothingness, and a state of complete nothingness is unimaginable. And as some of the sagest philosophers have observed: "Nothing can come out of nothing, any more than a thing which exists can go back to nothing."

But we can go one step further. What if, somewhere along the way, this life-principle be arrested, so that it never arrives at its fullest development? Doesn't this demand another sphere for its completion? It is so with the intellect. Man comes to the end of his little day, exclaiming with Victor Hugo: "I have not said the thousandth part of that which is in me." Since God gave us these latent powers, isn't it reasonable to assume that He will furnish an arena for their use? What promise for literature there was in young Arthur Hallam, of whom Tennyson sings in *In Memoriam*! What promise of painting in Raphael, who died at thirty-seven; of music in Mozart, who passed away at thirty-six; of poetry in Keats, who died at twenty-two!

Out in your garden is a tree which will bear fruit in its season. It has all the time it needs for development; for if it lived a million years, it could only leaf and bud and blossom and fruit. Will God give to a tree ample time for perfect growth, but to man, who planted it, only blasted hopes and an imperfect harvest? Raphael's true vision of the Madonna never touched the canvas. And Beethoven tells us that his known symphonies are not to be compared with the heavenly music which swept the strings of his soul. So in everyone lies the germ of perfection, needing and demanding another chance, another day, another sphere.

Humanity also needs another world for the administration of justice. If there be no tracks leading both ways, what recompense will Paul have for his stones and floggings; or Savonarola for the flames; or Edith Cavell for the firing-squad; or the brave boys who have died in Korea, while others live to a ripe old age in ease and comfort?

A few weeks ago, by television, I saw an alligator which the keeper said had lived far beyond the span of any human life. It sleeps for months at a time, wakes to eat, then sleeps again. And as I watched the monster, I thought of lovely souls who have passed out into the shadows ere the cup of life's sweetness had more than touched their lips. Surely it would seem to any reasoning mind that a universe which gave a vast range of time to an unthinking brute, and only a few brief years to the sweet poet Shelley, would be a crazy man's world,—if there were no footsteps leading both ways.

I remember, at the University of Pittsburgh, we were shown a marvellous telescope. For five years its maker had worked upon that lens by day and night, shaping the glass with perfect accuracy and beauty of vision, until it caught for us the matchless glory of the heavens above us. Suppose, after doing this, he had dashed it to pieces upon the floor. What would we think? Such an act of destruction would not have been reasonable. It would have been the act of an insane man. And if we suppose that God has picked out of His immense store of raw material the makings of a man, and then has kept finishing and polishing through countless ages until He achieved a human personality—a soul with its infinite capacity to reflect the very glory of heaven, to contemplate God—and then that He dashes that soul down to eternal destruction,—can we for a moment say that we live in a reasonable universe? For if we do not live in a reasonable universe, you see, then we must veto all science, all philosophy, and all religion.

No, my reason tells me that life is too great for the grave, the soul is too precious to suffer extinction. There must be something more. My instinct and my reason tell me there must be footprints leading both ways. In spite of the cold logic of events,—

Love will dream, and faith will trust
 (Since He who knows our need is just),
 That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.

And then we catch the gleam of the rising sun on Easter morning. Our hearts have said, "There *must* be a way out." Easter says, "There *is* a way out." We can trust Jesus Christ and the Easter morning message. We yearned for a sign. So it came to pass that, on Easter morning, we see the footprints of our blessed Master coming *away* from the tomb. And then we know for the first time that the Divine Seal has been put on our instincts and our reason in a far grander and more wonderful way than we could have ever hoped. For when the Garden of Arimathaea was filled with the Presence of the living Christ, it meant that eternal life begins here and now, and reaches forward through those unending glories which shall one day be revealed.

Easter dawns again. The Lord is risen. Our loved ones live. We may therefore go bravely on, nor fear the darkened tomb, nor any enemies lurking therein. All we need do is to follow the footsteps of Christ. There are blood-stains as they lead in; but when they come out, there is the firm tread of victory. Beautiful feet of Him who first preached the Gospel of peace through deliverance from sin and death! Passionately we bend to kiss them; for they have shown us the footprints leading both ways.

Hail and Farewell

As our readers will recall, the Fellowship was instrumental in bringing to America, in the summer of 1950, the distinguished German preacher and evangelist, Pastor Bernhard Goetze. He and his work had long been known to us through personal correspondence. He spent a month in the metropolitan area, proving himself an effective public speaker and a delightful guest. Pastor Goetze then embarked on an extensive speaking tour of the United States and Canada, going as far as our West Coast, then up to Vancouver, and then working his way back East to Montreal. The entire trip lasted nearly a year, and was most successful and blessed, though its ending was shadowed when, in Montreal, he received news of the home-going of his beloved daughter Lilli.

It was greatly to Pastor Goetze's credit that, though this was his first trip to America, he made all the arrangements himself for the tour, and for the speaking engagements. From the time he left Yonkers at the end of June, he was entirely on his own, financially. He was able to care for all his expenses, and bank with us a reasonably large sum, which we sent him month by month after his return to Germany. But though his personal ministry was so greatly blessed, it was not possible for him, or for us, to secure from our friends the pledges of regular support which would have enabled him to continue indefinitely as our missionary. In the course of about a year, the fund was exhausted, and since then, only a few individual gifts have come in.

As we mutually waited upon the Lord for guidance, Pastor Goetze received an invitation from the Eastern European Mission, with headquarters in Pasadena, California, to emigrate with his family to Canada and become their representative there. The President of this organization, Rev. Paul B. Peterson, has been a personal friend of Pastor Goetze for the past thirty years. It seemed that this was an invitation not to be overlooked, and therefore, in confident reliance upon the Divine will, we released Pastor Goetze from all connection with the American-European Fellowship, that he might be free to devote himself to this new field of service. We parted from him, of course, with the kindest feelings on both sides. He has spoken many times, so appreciatively, of the services which the Fellowship was able to render him when he first came to this country.

Pastor Goetze, with his wife, reached Canada in January, and was welcomed by his son Eberhard and family, and by two married sisters of Mrs. Goetze. Other sons will continue to carry on the work in the German homeland. The little leaflet in English, entitled simply "Fellowship," which Pastor Goetze has edited for some time, has now been discontinued. In its place appears a German periodical, "Mitteilungen aus der Ost-Europa Mission," the first issue of which is now on our desk. Pastor Goetze describes his Atlantic crossing, during which he preached daily to the passengers, and also gives his impressions of Canada. The Eastern European Mission publishes a monthly magazine in English, "The Gospel Call."

Pastor Goetze's Canadian address is: Rev. Bernhard Goetze, 48 Alma Street, Kitchener, Ontario. We request our friends to send any gifts they may wish to make for his work, not to us, but directly to him in Kitchener. We repeat: please do not send the Fellowship any further gifts for Pastor Goetze. Gifts which have been received for him in recent months have of course been forwarded.

It has been a privilege to be associated with Pastor Goetze during these past few years, and we confidently expect and pray for God's further blessing upon him, his family and his work. May the Lord be with him always.

The Then and the Now



BROTHER AND SISTER KOVALCHUK

Last year, when our Brother John Kovalchuk, now working in Argentina, completed his twenty-fifth year of service under the Fellowship, we begged him to write the story of his life, to appear in these pages. For this task he has, with characteristic modesty, never been able to find the time. He has, however, sent us a little leaflet in English, coming from a period long before this quarter-century of service began, dealing in fact with his early life and his conversion. Believing that it will be of great interest to our readers, we reproduce it, in

large part, here. It is entitled, "Autobiography of Rev. John Kovalchuk, Th.B.," and was translated from the Russian by the late Rev. J. B. Epp.

I was born in the year 1887 near the city of Minsk, Western Russia (now Poland). My parents, as all the other people in that part of the country, were extremely poor and without any education whatever. They belonged to the peasant class. Father believed in education, and sent all his boys to school.

My teacher begged my father to send me to a higher school, but this was impossible. I was so very anxious to go that I kept on begging, kissing father's hand, but I had to give up my wishes. I was then thirteen years of age.

While yet a child I loved to read books, particularly biographies of holy men, of Christ's sufferings, of the martyrs, etc. All this, of course, was written from the standpoint of the Russian (the Greek Catholic) Church. According to the teaching of this church, no one is able to say on this earth that he is saved. Salvation depends on good works; therefore so many monks, pilgrimages to holy places, etc.

We heard a little of the Bible truth, however, and the verse, Matthew 11.28, early in my life fell deep into my heart: "Come unto Me . . . and I will give you rest." Many, many times this verse has helped me through.

After the Russo-Japanese War conditions became still worse, and many emigrated to America. Finally I too went. Much I lived through in this country. I came first to Fort Worth, Texas. At that time there was a large Russian colony in that city. But drunkenness, fighting, arrests, etc., were

daily happenings among us; during the three years I lived here, not once did I hear the Name of Christ. It seemed to me that no one in America believed in Christ.

After I had decided to remain in this country I went to New York, thinking that there I might attend evening school and learn the American language and possibly a trade. Among all possible classes of people, I soon found myself a very godless man, and became a strong Socialist. I did not know the Gospel; I had heard but very little of the Bible. No one seemed to be interested in my soul. In the Socialist meetings I heard much that seemed to be true. They pitied the Russian people because they were kept in such ignorance by the Church and by the Czar, who withheld the light from them.

When I tried the hardest not to believe in God, but was suffering much in my heart, and not finding peace, Matthew 11.28 sounded in my memory and gave me some rest. Seeking a change of some kind in my misery, I married. And what followed? After six months my wife became ill, the doctors declaring that she was consumptive and should return to Russia for some time. She went.

Being now still more tired of life, and feeling very weak myself, I gave up my work in the city and went to a farm, where I had some friends. The Lord alone knows what I experienced here. I could not sleep. Life became unbearable, and I seriously planned on making an end of it all. Oh! how empty my life was! Within me was a fearful struggle. One voice said: "You need not try any more. You know there is only deceit in your Russian religion, and nothing but deceit in yourself. You can do nothing better than put an end to yourself. And here in the country is the best chance; no one will interfere."

But the other voice seemed to say: "Is life really so empty? Life should be dear to everyone. How much have our parents endured for us! You must fight on. Have you not heard: 'Seek and you shall find.' It is somewhere in the Bible."

Obeying the second voice, my thoughts came back to me: "What good had I learned from the socialists? What good from the much bad literature that I had read in America? They say there is a Holy Book, God's own Book. Why did I never see that Book? In Russia it was forbidden to be read by common folks, but in free America I can get one. I must have it!"

Now my heart grew lighter and lighter. I read and read. I found my mistake in wandering far away from God before at least having investigated that Book. My heart finally broke out into the cry: "My God, if You hear me, and if You do not want me to perish, then show me clearly what to do. Make it all clear to me. Forgive the thought of suicide and all the rest, and I will give my life to Thee and to Thy service!"

By this time I was crying like a child at its mother's knee. And, almost like an electric shock, I heard the words again within me: "Come unto Me . . . I will give you rest." Oh, how sweet and clear this now was! My whole organism seemed to have received a new impulse. I cannot describe it. New thoughts and new ambitions took hold of me; I had a new heart! Praise the Lord!

I at once returned to New York and took up my former work with the gas company. During free hours I read my Bible. Oh, how dear it was to me, and how sorry I felt that I had misspent so much of my life.

One more struggle came up. Should I not "leave the nets and follow Him," becoming a "fisher of men"? The greatest spiritual need of the Russian people in America and Russia rose up before me. Another voice said: "Live a quiet, pious life, make honest money, build a nice little home, bring back your wife," etc.

But by the help of God I left my work and went to Philadelphia to prepare for the Lord's work. Here, too, I received baptism. The World War came on. I was also taken. Upon my wish I was given work in the hospital. How wonderfully God kept me here, where thousands around me died of the "flu." God also gave me some souls during this time, from among the Russians and others, for Him. My constant prayer was that God would speedily lead me out of there, that I might again go to school. One night in my sleep I seemed to be among my home people in Poland. It so filled my heart that I cried aloud. I awoke, the tears were rolling down my cheeks; the soldiers had heard me. Soon after, I was released. I cannot take the time and space to tell how almost miraculously this came about.

Again I went to Fort Worth, wanting to help in bringing the Gospel to my countrymen there, and at the same time attend the Seminary. We opened a Russian meeting and a great work began. No end to my joys! Friends in the Seminary also helped in every possible way.

And now permit me to go back once more to relate one of the most wonderful answers to prayer that I have experienced. My wife, it will be remembered, was in Russia. But what had happened to her meanwhile? She had been writing me for some time. Then the place where she lived was captured by the Germans, and I did not hear from her for a long time. One more very short letter came, reading like this: "My dear John: Our place is taken. We cannot buy anything more. All food and money are gone. People are dying of hunger all around us. I, too, shall be gone. We shall not see each other any more. Do not weep for me. Take care of yourself. I kiss you good-bye most heartily. This is my last word. Your true Mary."

For four years I was without any word from home. I continued my studies at the Seminary. One day Dr. Knight, one of the professors, called me into his office. He asked me about my affairs. I opened my whole heart to him, also regarding my wife. Thereupon he locked the door, and we knelt down and laid the entire matter before the Lord. We both received the full assurance that God had answered our prayers.

Soon after, a cablegram arrived from Poland: "I am alive and well. It is very hard here. Take me to America. Mary." Soon came also a letter. This news spread quickly through the Seminary. As I had no money (everyone knew it), in a few minutes during chapel time enough money was pledged to buy a steamship ticket for my wife. After a few months, through much suffering and some cruel treatment in crossing the line out of Poland, my wife arrived at Fort Worth. The whole Seminary joined in the thanksgiving.

Soon after her arrival my wife also gave her heart to God, and prepared for the Lord's work, especially in music. The more we prepare for the Lord's work, the greater becomes the "hunger" for the souls of our fellow-countrymen, especially for those multitudes back in Poland who have not yet heard the glorious Gospel of Salvation. Sometimes we have felt that we could not finish our course in the Seminary; we must go; they are perishing!

But we were permitted to finish last year. I received the degree of Th.B., never having dreamed in my former days that I would be able to continue my education. Since the way was not open financially to go at once to Poland, I took my wife and child (Annie, three years old) and went to Kansas City to find work in some factory and labor among the many Russian and Polish people there, who are largely without the Gospel.

We have been anxiously waiting and earnestly praying that we might very soon go home to Poland. Now the time seems to have come, and we can hardly wait for the day when we may start. Our hearts are so full of joy, we can hardly restrain ourselves. We are ready to go, to work and to die

there, if need be, as we give out the saving Gospel of our Christ. We wish to pass on and on that precious Word which has given us such peace and hope: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

In this spirit of faith and hope, the young Kovalchuks began their missionary service, which took them to various parts of Europe, and later (at the outbreak of the second World War) to Argentina, where they have since ministered most effectively. Their lovely daughter Anna, and her husband, remained in Europe, serving the Lord there. In late years accident and illness have harassed our beloved Brother and Sister Kovalchuk, but God has graciously raised them up again, and our brother has been able once more to take some of the long and difficult journeys on which he has so generously spent himself. We congratulate them on their recovery, salute them on their anniversary, and bring the story up to date with our brother's most recent communication. The translation is, as always, our own. Surely this is a modern St. Paul, writing on one of his missionary journeys.

Obera, Misiones, February 16, 1954.

Dear Sister in the Lord, Ekaterina Normanovna:-

I send you my hearty greetings and best wishes from the distant province of Misiones. I have been here three weeks now. At the request of the local district, I came here for their annual conference, which passed off very well. After the conference, we are visiting the various local groups, holding meetings. This locality is very thickly wooded, everywhere there are vast, impenetrable, virgin forests. In these woods have settled a great many Slavonic and other immigrants, who are felling the trees, building houses, tilling the soil, raising orange-trees and, I suppose, the "yerba mate," which people drink here, and so on.

The land here is very mountainous, and the soil is red. During a dry spell, the red dust which rises from the road covers the traveller so completely that he looks like a red man; but in the rainy season the mud clings to your boots, and weighs you down so that it is impossible to walk. During the summer the tropical heat and humidity are so severe that they can scarcely be endured, especially at noontime. This locality extends along the border between Paraguay and Brazil.

Yesterday we returned from a tour of the most distant groups. Because of the rain, the buses to the nearby villages were running very late and irregularly, and were so loaded with passengers, that only with the greatest difficulty could you find a seat. We arrived in Obera, at the house of a brother and fellow-worker, very late, worn out, and soaking wet from the heavy rain. Today we have the last meeting in this town of Obera. Tomorrow, at six o'clock in the morning, we will start for the city of Posadas, the capital of this province. There we will meet our friends and hold meetings. On the following day we will go back to Buenos Aires, where we have to hold the annual general conference, and visit different places where work is being done, both in the central town and in the outlying districts. Then I shall return home to Mendoza, where also there will be an annual regional conference.

May the Lord bless all that is done to His glory, and may that which is sown in weakness be raised in power. When I return home I will write more, when I have a better opportunity. Today I write in haste, because my time is limited and I am very much occupied and pressed. I remain,

Yours in the love of christ,

JOHN KOVALCHUK.

Of Men and Meetings

Biel-Mett, February 25, 1954.

Dear Sister Ruth:-

Thanks ever so much for your letter with the enclosed check, which arrived promptly. My letter is late this month, as I have been away on a Gospel week up in the Alps. When I come home, it takes two or three weeks until the most urgent affairs are taken care of.

Should I tell a few things, in "telegram" style, of the past month? I might say that an unusual number of *men* turned out for the Gospel meetings up in the Alps. To get a *man* into a Gospel meeting is actually a miracle. This time, nearly as many men were out as women. To be able to give them the message was a special responsibility and privilege. Some came to several meetings. Because of mirror-like icy roads, the more distant folks could not come, but those of a neighboring town attended quite well. In a village some twenty kilometers away I was able to start a new Bible hour. Outside of the family that had invited me, *one* soul came for the first time. That's a start in Switzerland. The "two or three" of the Bible is a real comfort. But is it not often that God starts out with a mustard-seed?

Yesterday a second large shipment of Gospel tracts went to Roman Catholic Austria. It is a privilege to step through this open door. So many Catholic countries cast out Protestant missionaries, yet wail and lament if some of their missionaries have to leave Communist countries. For some years the Y.M.C.A. asked me to give special messages on the false cults and doctrines of various sects. They published without my knowledge that I was their *Briefkastenonkel*. This week again I was answering at the question period for an hour and a half. These messages have been acceptable, and the national church has taken up the idea and carries on now in crowded churches on the same lines.

Last week I was doing the interpreting in a number of meetings, for a missionary who had been out in India for forty-four years. Sunday nearly five hours of interpreting certainly tired my brain to the finish. Just now, this week, more than 20,000 mail-boxes are to be served with a special Gospel tract against the carnivals. Now we send our hearty greetings and best wishes for your health and well-being.

Yours in Christ,

FRED STETTLER and family.

From the Netherlands Gospel Center

The Hague, January, 1954.

Dear Christian Friends:-

We beg to express our sincere gratitude for all your prayers, and especially for the warm-hearted response to our July circular. The work among the Spanish refugees is growing, it is virile and active. Our workers are giving of their best seven days a week, sixteen hours a day; time is short, and there is much to be accomplished. Please continue to assist us with your prayers, your letters and your relief packages of clothing for the poor this winter. How can we offer the Gospel to people, coming to us over the ice-fields of the Pyrenees, hunted and trailed by the Roman Catholic inquisition, arriving at our home, destitute of everything; no food, no clothing but rags, often too over-tired to be able to speak. Imagine, and tell us how you

would evangelize such people in distress, else than by first putting them at their ease, giving them to eat, and providing clothing and a shelter.

The year has been very difficult, owing to the extraordinarily dry weather and the almost complete failure of the crops, and the continuance of the missionary work was almost beyond our strength. We had hoped for a better time this winter. Alas, in a few urgent lines we have to tell you of the latest happenings. There has been a very heavy rainfall, the area has become flooded, there is over twelve feet of water in the low part of the city, and many houses have been washed away. The roof of the mission house has been blown away, the water has come through, and the ceilings have come down. This has come upon us at this critical time, and with such cold weather. There is no fire, and the house is streaming with water and damp, so that it is nearly impossible to live in it, but our workers are carrying on as best they can. All the windows are open, and in this way they are trying to sleep.

I tell you this (Pastor Robinson wrote us) because we are in great need; our faith is not diminished in any way, but I should be glad if some of our friends could help us through this hard time. Other homes and houses are the same; all the gardens are ruined, and committees are being arranged to help the flooded-out people, but we have no one to turn to, but God and our friends. Will you pray for us exceptionally at this time? Keep praying, friends. God is with us and has never failed us. Please write more often. It encourages us to keep "on top" amid difficult situations. God bless you.

Relief should not be sent to Holland, but direct to: Pastor H. Robinson, Villa Blanche, La Corniche, Sète-Hérault, France.

Yours in our Lord's service,

NETHERLANDS GOSPEL CENTER, Dr. R. H. Borkent.

(The Fellowship will receive and forward gifts for this work.)

Ministry in Portugal

Lisbon, February 10, 1954.

Dear Friends in the Lord:-

I am thankful for the various greetings, messages, etc., received during the Christmas season and in these last weeks, and am only sorry that I am unable to answer each one directly, owing to accumulated work and lack of time to bring everything up to date. I am sure that you will understand and forgive, and accept this present circular as a direct message, as I have a personal thought when mailing the same to each one of you.

We had good services last Christmas, both for the adults and for the Sunday-School children, watch service being also held on the last evening of 1953, as usual, with a good attendance and a spirit of prayer. From the third to the tenth of January, we celebrated Universal Prayer Week in various Churches of our city. One of the pastors and assembly-leaders was appointed each time to give a short address as an introduction to the prayer-subjects for that evening. Notwithstanding the very cold weather, there was a good attendance, and an excellent spirit of prayer at several of the meetings.

Last quarter I was again able to scatter by post seven thousand copies of my four-page Gospel paper, the "Correio Evangelico," and am already preparing No. 53, for the present quarter. Praise be to the Lord that our paper is anxiously awaited by its thousands of readers, to whom it is a great spiritual help, as they have several times testified to me in their correspondence.

Besides my usual preaching engagements and pastoral responsibilities, I was able to help in the Lord's work in special literary duties in connection with the preparation of a new edition of our Portuguese Protestant version of the Bible, translated by Ferreira de Almeida in the seventeenth century, from the original tongues. It will be published, D. V., this year. It was a work done with much prayer and with the desire that it might be for the Lord's glory, and for a blessing to the readers of His Holy Word.

My dear wife was very much encouraged last summer in her work of caring for the Rest-Home of the Lisbon Y. W. C. A. at Vinagre-Colares, of which she is the President, as she was able to secure some gifts in order to provide free holidays there for some poor girls from our Lisbon Evangelical Churches. She would be glad to increase their number this year, if possible, and to be able to maintain the house there continually, as she must pay the rent of it throughout the year, to be utilized only during the summer-time.

May the Lord bless you all along this New Year of His grace! Please continue to pray for us all in the Lord's work in Portugal, and that He may give us all the needed strength, wisdom, material means, and spiritual power and grace to go on in the battle, to be won for His own glory and the blessing of the many souls to whom we minister, either in preaching, teaching, visiting, testifying, or writing and sending all our Christian literature, tracts, papers, booklets, books and Scriptures!

Thanking you in advance for your intercession, believe me, I am, very sincerely yours in our soon-coming Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

GUIDO WALDEMAR OLIVEIRA.

We Appreciate . . .

. . . The beautiful format and the sound financial sense shown in the 144th Annual Report of the New York Bible Society, of which our own Dr. David J. Fant is General Secretary. The cover with its attractive sketch of the entrance to the Society's building; the report on distribution of the Scriptures in New York City—along the waterfront, on boats in the harbor, to foreign groups, and among the blind; the financial statement; the account of Scripture text posters in the subways, and the many fine illustrations, all make this a report of unusual interest and value. If you are interested in their work and wish to learn more of it, we think you could secure a copy of this publication by writing to the New York Bible Society, 5 East 48th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

. . . The inclusion of a photograph and descriptive material dealing with two of our missionaries, in the periodical, "The Gospel Herald," for March 27, 1954. The photograph, which some of you may have seen, is of Edna Lukesh. The accompanying text is as follows: "From Rev. and Mrs. Charles Lukesh, Ludwigsburg, Germany, comes this encouraging bit of news. Despite opposition and difficulties the work of these faithful missionaries continues to progress. They eagerly accept opportunities to hold services wherever possible. Much of their time is devoted to children's work. The children are reached with the Gospel in Sunday School, Daily Vacation Bible School and Bible Camp. The picture shows Mrs. Lukesh standing beside the boulder that marks the place of the burning of John Hus in 1415. He was a martyr for the sake of the Gospel of Jesus Christ." The "Gospel Herald" is published by the Union Gospel Press of Cleveland, Ohio, whom we have counted as cherished friends of our work for many years. Excellent reports from the Lukeshes, for which space could not be found in this issue without "telescoping" them too much, will without fail appear in our May-June number.

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP RECEIPTS, February-March, 1954
(The First National Bank in Yonkers is depositary for all gifts. Contributions to the Fellowship are deductible from Federal income tax returns.)

37153--\$3.00	37179--\$10.00	37205--\$10.00	37231--\$10.00
37154---5.00	37180--10.00	37206---6.00	37232--10.00
37155--75.00	37181--20.00	37207---1.00	37233---1.00
37156---5.00	37182--16.00	37208--50.00	37234---2.00
37157--15.00	37183--30.00	37209---2.00	37235--15.00
37158--15.00	37184---5.00	37210---2.00	37236---5.00
37159--75.00	37185--10.00	37211---5.00	37237---1.00
37160--10.00	37186---1.00	37212---1.00	37238---5.00
37161--50.00	37187--15.00	37213---1.00	37239--22.00
37162--10.00	37188--10.00	37214---5.75	37240--10.00
37163---6.00	37189---3.00	37215---2.00	37241--50.00
37164---1.00	37190---3.00	37216---1.00	37242--11.00
37165--10.00	37191---5.00	37217---3.00	37243---5.00
37166--20.00	37192---5.00	37218--10.00	37244---5.00
37167--15.00	37193--35.00	37219--75.00	37245---1.00
37168--10.00	37194--25.00	37220-105.00	37246---1.00
37169--25.00	37195---2.00	37221--50.00	37247---2.00
37170--50.00	37196---5.00	37222--10.00	37248---2.00
37171---1.00	37197--75.00	37223---6.00	37249--75.00
37172--10.00	37198--25.00	37224---2.00	37250--25.00
37173--10.00	37199---.50	37225--10.00	37251--35.00
37174--10.00	37200--30.00	37226--10.00	37252--10.00
37175---4.00	37201---5.00	37227--25.00	37253---2.00
37176--10.00	37202--25.00	37228--10.00	37254--50.00
37177--20.00	37203--15.00	37229--15.00	37255---1.00
37178---5.00	37204---5.00	37230--50.00	37256---5.00

The Letter - Opener

Sitting at the typewriter, just at midnight, writing receipts, and about ready to "shut up shop" for the night, we heard a radio announcer say: "Let's begin this new day on kind of a serious note. Here are the Andrews Sisters." And what do you suppose we heard? This:

I love to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.

Two or three verses were sung. The familiar words and music were startlingly beautiful, heard thus in the dead of night. Doesn't it seem to you that